

# A Fascinating Love Tangle of Youth and

(Continued from preceding page.)

away I think I might pull it  
hang the Gold Medal," said  
"I will buy you one for  
watch chain to-morrow."  
Nicholas laughed.  
"I wouldn't be quite the same  
without it," said Beauty.  
"You are getting tired of me al-  
ready," said Beauty.  
"I shall never get tired of you,"  
said Beauty. "Not if I live for a hun-  
dred years."  
"Well, then, you must play with  
me," said Beauty. "Now that I've  
good-looking son I shall make  
most of him. I am greedy."  
"You, Nick," said Beauty.  
"Thanks, mother," said Nick.

"That Nicholas Barton should ex-  
change his old blue serge for pur-  
ple and fine linen is more than a  
joke. It's a ridiculous miracle. It's a  
monstrous farce. It's a most  
comic and grotesque tragedy. No  
wonder I have to mop my eyes."  
"I am glad it gives you so much  
amusement," said Nick, trying to  
hide his embarrassment. "But I  
faint to see why. I suppose I have  
a right to dress decently, as far as  
my means allow."  
"That's where you are wrong,"  
said Beauty. "My dear old man,  
you can't be a genius any more if  
you wear rags like that. Those are  
the sort of clothes I should wear,  
and other brainless fools of my  
kind."

vanish, until you get softening of  
the brain. By God, I am sorry for  
you, Nick, and one of my illusions  
has gone smash."  
"Oh, Nick, Nick!" said Beauty.  
"I'm ashamed of you. I loved your  
shabbiness and adored your rustic-  
ity in the service of Art. But, if  
you are going to put on glad  
clothes, for the Lord's sake don't  
wear a made-up tie!"  
In spite of his gloomy prophecies  
of impending evil, he assisted at  
Nick's toilet, and in spite of that  
young man's protest cast at his un-  
willing feet a brand-new pair of  
patent leather shoes, hung over to  
him a spotless white shirt, and in

and terribly weak about the knees,  
when he made his way through the  
vestibule where young ladies in  
evening dress stared at him as he  
passed. But Beauty gave a little  
scream of delight when she saw  
him, and dropped a very low cur-  
tsy to him as though he were a  
Prince of the Blood Royal.  
"Dear God!" she said, "and there  
are some people who say that  
clothes do not make the man! Nick,  
you are a credit to your country."

Beauty made a speech, still clasp-  
ing his hand.  
"Dear friends, I promised you a  
surprise to-night. I told you that I  
would show you all a great treas-  
ure which previously I have hidden  
from you, because I feared that one  
of you might try to steal it from  
me. But now, lest I should be  
guilty of too much selfishness, I  
produce this treasure, begging the  
pretty ladies here to refrain from  
covetousness and from the game of

the Hilarity Restaurant.  
"I do not expect any one to be-  
lieve the truth," said Beauty. "It  
is only lies which are convincing."  
"Good epigram!" said another  
voice. "Oh, devilish good, Miss  
Vivian. You got that from a play-  
book, I bet."  
This was spoken by a man with  
a rather flabby face like a baby of  
mature growth. He wore a mon-  
ocle from which was suspended a  
broad black ribbon.

"I should try to get a  
habit if I were you," said  
Kitty Burpham made a grin  
at him.  
"Oh, you would, would you, Mr.  
Prig-too-Good-to-Live?"  
It was with this girl, who had  
the temper of a tiger-cat at times,  
and the abandon of a French cat



again. "I have been hun-  
gry all my life."  
"I fondled his hand again, and  
for the first time asked a  
man about the man who had  
my husband."  
"Your father still alive? Sulky  
ladies!"  
"I said Nick."  
"Suppose he hates me like poi-

style. But Nick Barton, who is out  
to win the Gold Medal, young Nick,  
who is the pride of the Fulham  
Road, must be threadbare at the  
elbows and wear trousers which  
bag at the knee and fray at the  
edges. You can't serve God and  
Mammon, or Art and the Haber-  
dasher."

He lit a cigarette, sat on the  
edge of the model's throne, and  
gazed very solemnly at Nicholas,  
who proceeded to hang up his  
clothes on various vacant pegs,  
with an air of callous indifference  
to the remarks of his friend and  
the glory of his new garments.

"If you're not very careful, young  
fellow," said Beauty, "you'll be get-  
ting into the social push, and then  
good-by Art and good-by glory.  
With them clothes on and that Don  
Quixote-Sir Galahad-John Halifax-  
Gentleman look of yours, you'll be  
invited to afternoon tea parties in  
Mayfair, and little dinners at the  
Carlton. Pretty girls with the  
brains of little bunny rabbits will  
say how sweet it must be to paint  
pictures, and how shocking it must  
be to know so many artists' mod-  
els, and then you'll let your hair  
grow long to please the dear crea-  
tures, and all your manhood will be  
emasculated and all your ideals

Nick Arose and Went Out of the Theatre. He Did Not Want to See the Third Act. He Wanted to Think Out This New Situation.

due course initiated him into the  
awful mysteries of tying a bow in  
the way it should go.  
Then he stood him at arm's  
length and pronounced judgment.  
"If you only knew what to do  
with your hands, you would look  
like a blood, my boy. You have the  
air of an aristocrat descended  
from William the Conqueror, with  
more than a touch of Plantagenet.  
You might even be the hero of a  
musical comedy. But it will be a  
horrid shock to the Fulham Road."  
It was a horrid shock to Nick  
himself when he caught a full-  
length sight of himself in a glass  
at the hotel near Charing Cross,  
where Beauty had a suite of rooms.  
He hardly knew himself in the  
image of a dandified fellow with a  
waistline. His collar choked him,  
and he felt foolish about the feet.

and to your mother, too."  
Then she whispered to him.  
"I am glad you look so smart to-  
night. I am going to introduce you  
to some of my friends."  
"Oh, Lord!" said Nick. "I thought  
you were going to be alone."  
He was panic-stricken.  
But Beauty took him by the hand  
and led him to the drawing-room  
of her private suite, looking very  
queenly in her white silk gown cut  
square across the breast, and with  
a circle of pearls upon her hair.  
She stood in the doorway, hand  
in hand with Nick, who saw,  
through a kind of mist before his  
eyes, half a dozen men and women  
in evening clothes, and heard them,  
as though a very long way off,  
clapping hands at the reappearance  
of Beauty.

greedy-grab. Ladies and gentlemen,  
I present to you my son, Nicholas,  
student of art, and most perfect  
gentle knight."  
These words, spoken as though  
they were Shakespearean verse, in a  
silvery cadence, were greeted  
with laughter, applause, and cries  
of incredulity.  
"Extremely well spoken," said a  
man's voice. "But though the  
words were charming you don't ex-  
pect us to believe them."  
Nicholas, who had recovered his  
composure after the first deep flush  
which had been a signal of distress,  
saw that these words had been  
spoken by the Jewish-looking man  
to whom Beauty had smiled across

"A poor thing,  
Lord Burpham,  
but mine own,"  
said Beauty.  
A girl came  
over with a  
swish of skirts  
to Beauty and  
Nicholas Bar-

ton. She was a girl of about  
twenty-two, and Nicholas was  
astonished when his mother in-  
troduced her as Lady Burpham.  
She seemed far too young to be  
the wife of that baby-faced man  
with the monocle, who, in spite  
of his pink flabbiness had crow's  
feet about his eyes.

"Here's a pretty boy, now what  
shall we do with this pretty boy?"  
said the girl, taking Nick's hand  
and holding it so that he became  
seriously embarrassed.  
"Be kind to him," said Beauty,  
"and remember his youthful inno-  
cence."

"Kitty's youthful innocence would  
pervert the morals of an anchor-  
ite," said Lord Burpham.  
"As the wife of Baby Burpham,"  
said the girl, very calmly, "my in-  
nocence is in the Lost Property  
Office."

There was general laughter at  
this confession, and at the end of  
it the Jewish-looking man, who  
Nicholas learned was Amos Rosen-  
baum, a theatrical manager in a  
large way of business, made the  
quiet observation that innocence  
was a much over-rated virtue and  
not worth a row of beans.

It was an evening—the first of  
many such evenings—which pro-  
vided Nicholas with new knowledge  
of human nature, but with no real  
employment. Always he had an un-  
comfortable feeling that the social  
atmosphere of his mother's rooms  
was not good for his health of  
mind and as a listener and looker-  
on he heard and saw things which  
made him wince, which made him  
hate some of those people whom  
Beauty called her friends. They  
were very free in their speech and  
manners, and one of the women  
used swear words with an easy fa-  
miliarity which astounded Nicho-  
las, who had kept his lips clean.

Kitty Burpham made a habit of it.  
This elegant girl, with hair like  
fine-gold, and with big blue  
eyes which had a flower-like beauty,  
used oaths which would have called  
for rebuke in a cabman's shelter.  
When Nicholas ventured one day to  
remonstrate with her, she laughed

quietly, that Nicholas found himself  
most at ease when he went to his  
mother's rooms, because, in spite  
of her desire to embarrass him by  
saying risky things, and to shame  
him by "taking him down a peg"  
as she called it, she had comradely  
ways also, and would often throw  
down her cards at the table where  
Beauty and her guests were play-  
ing, and say:

"This is badly rot, and I've lost  
quite enough for one night. I'm  
going to keep company with Sir  
Nicholas of the Lily-white soul."

Then she would lead him by the  
hand to the end of the room, where  
the piano stood, and play queer lit-  
tle tunes to him, and sing queer  
little songs to him in a French  
argot which it was well that he  
could not understand. And between  
the tunes and the songs she would  
smile into Nick's face, and make  
outrageous remarks about the com-  
pany present in a voice too low for  
them to hear.

Nicholas remembers some of  
these flashes of character study  
which made him shiver.

"Amos Rosenbaum has the brain  
of a vulture, the heart of a tiger,  
and the tongue of a snake. He is a  
beast of prey, and mesmerizes his  
women before he devours them. He  
is trying to put his coils around  
your lady mother. Look how he  
smiles at her. Did you ever see  
such a Satanic smile?"

"That chubby-faced hus-  
band of mine! A pretty boy, isn't  
he?"

He's a satyr. He has  
cloven hoofs inside those patent  
leather shoes of his. When I mar-  
ried him I thought him such a dear,  
comical thing. He seemed such a  
kind-hearted, brainless, dear. I  
didn't know that he was a wolf in  
sheep's clothing. Funny thing! We  
still live together, though we hate  
each other like devils. I suppose  
it's so difficult to break a habit.  
Your lady mother likes him. He  
amuses her, and I will say she has  
a sense of humor. There's no love  
lost between him and Rosenbaum,  
and I think your pretty mother is  
the cause of it. Oh, there's a lot of  
drama in real life."

"Lady Burpham," said Nicholas,  
very sternly, "I must ask you to  
leave my mother's name out of  
your conversation. Otherwise I  
shall never speak to you again."

"Tut, tut!" said Lady Burpham.  
"Don't put on your curate airs with  
me, little boy. If you don't like my  
sprightly monologues, you can run  
away and play with your Sunday  
school friends. See?"

Nicholas did not see, for he was  
staring across at his mother, who  
was playing with Burpham as her  
partner and Rosenbaum as her op-  
ponent. Beauty's face was flushed.  
For an hour or more she had not  
given a glance at Nick. She was  
losing money heavily, and every  
time she lost Rosenbaum smiled in  
his peculiar snake-like way.

(To Be Continued.)